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HERALD WANT ADS BRING RESULTS

WOMAN'S AFFAIRS: WASHINGTON AND ELSEWHERE

KREISLER HERE IN OLD VIGOR

Enthusiastic Welcome Given Violinist Seldom Outdone In Washington. PLAYS OWN ENCORES Fourth Concert Given in Philharmonic Course—Lamson Accompanist.

Fritz Kreisler, violinist, was heard at Poll's Theater yesterday afternoon with Carl Lamson, accompanist, under the local management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene. This concert, which was the fourth in the Philharmonic Course, was witnessed by an audience which crowded every available inch of seating and standing room. More than 200 admirers of this master violinist were seated on the stage.

The enthusiastic welcome which was accorded Kreisler has seldom, if ever, been equalled in Washington. It recalled the stories told of triumphal visits of Jenny Lind to this city. If the audience had had its way every number on the program would have been repeated. As it was, three selections were given, the second playing, "La Chasse" (Carter), "Moment Musical" (Schubert), and "Spanish Serenade" (Chaminade-Kreisler).

Kreisler's Dazzling Technique. Never has the melodic singing tones of this violinist been more pronounced. When Kreisler plays it matters little what the composition is, for he makes a gem of every one.

Kreisler unites his dazzling technique with the highest musical qualities. His playing was full of its virility, and his intense individuality. And it is indeed gratifying to remember that it was the American public which first perceived in him the qualities of greatness for which he is universally acclaimed.

Own Compositions as Encores. The encores were "Garden Scene" (Koenig), at the end of the second group, and at the close of the concert, "Viennese Caprice," "Rondino," "Liebestraut," all by Kreisler. The program numbers were: "Sonata" (for violin and piano), A major (Caesar, Frank); "Gavotte" in E major (Bach); Andantino (Martini); "Tambourin," C major (Leclair); "La Chasse" (Carter); "Variations" (Chaminade); "Indian La-ment" (Dvorak); "Chanson Indoue," Hindoo Chant from "Sadko" (Rimsky-Korsakoff); "Moment Musical" (Schubert); "Spanish Serenade" (Chaminade-Kreisler); "Minuet" (Padewski-Kreisler); and "The Old Refrain," Viennese popular song (arranged by Kreisler).

As accompanist Carl Lamson fitly shared honors with the soloist. His part in the afternoon's entertainment was of the highest type.

Damages at \$10,000 For Fatal Accident

Mrs. Katie M. O'Connor, widow of Maurice E. O'Connor and administratrix of his estate, was awarded a verdict of \$10,000 damages—the limit under the District law—against the American Express Company yesterday by a jury in Circuit Court No. 1.

O'Connor, who was struck by a truck belonging to the express company while standing near his automobile on Fourth street northwest, died September 25, 1917, from his injuries.

Babe's Body Thrown From Train

FREDERICKSBURG, Va., Dec. 3.—The dead body of a white infant was discovered a short distance from Aquia Station in Stafford County, ten miles north of this city Thursday by a section hand on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad. It is believed the baby was thrown from the window of a passenger train, as marks and bruises on the body indicated this.

Vienna Girl Marries

FREDERICKSBURG, Va., Dec. 3.—A marriage license was issued here yesterday to Frank Seely Miller, of Vienna, Va., and Miss Inez Mildred Prochaska, of Detroit, Mich. They were married later and left on a Northern bridge trip.

The Marriage Mill

By Mildred K. Barbour
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THE LIVING PART.

"I never had any right!" declared Allison passionately. "He only gave me half allegiance. It was all you permitted me. You blame me, but it is you—and you—and you—turning defiantly to Jane and Myra, "who have wrecked our marriage and brought us to the divorce court. Allison's reckless declaration that she and Larry had reached the brink of the divorce court brought a gasp of horror from his mother and aunts.

"Whatever do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Osborne. "Allison, you couldn't put anything past this!" declared Jane, hysterically. "She's perfectly heartless and—"

"Oh, shut up, Jane!" again Myra came to the rescue. "We're all unstrung. Let's declare a truce until after dinner and then discuss this thing comfortably around the fire. Nobody has a right to be emotional on an empty stomach!"

She brought the car to a standstill at the curb before the Osborne house and motioned them all out.

"I'll run the car around to the garage. I'd never get the engine started again on a cold night like this. I'll be back in a minute, just for Heaven's sake manage to keep the peace until I show up. Allison, go up and see Fannie! Lucifer himself couldn't pick a quarrel with her!"

Jane scrambled out of the machine and flounced into the house without a backward glance. Mrs. Osborne followed in chilly dignity. Allison trailed along behind them, angry at heart, yet conscious that she looked like a culprit school-child.

"If you wish to follow Myra's advice, Fannie will ask Fannie to come down," said Mrs. Osborne, icily, over her shoulder, as she moved into the library.

"Thank you, I will go up to her room," replied Allison with equal coolness.

She ascended the broad, softly-carpeted stairs, a little twisted smile on her lips. She was remembering vividly the early days of her married life when she and Larry had endeavored to build their new life together on the treacherous sands of a mother-in-law's home. Nearly every stair had a separate memory.

On this one she had sat and wept because of a slight from the family; on that one she had stopped with hands clenched in rage at some deflection of Larry's; on the first landing had been the scene of a bitter exchange on the night of Myra Cunningham's bridesmaid dinner. From the top of the stairs she had overheard Jane's criticism when she had returned that first night from a motor drive with Warren Bradley.

Outside the door of the room she and Larry had occupied, Allison paused looking into its twilight depths with wide, fixed gaze. Unbidden and unwelcome tears sprang to her eyes.

They had been very happy there at first—June and the honeymoon—rose colored, despite the families! She could distinguish the furnishings but vaguely through the shadows she had been just as she had left it the morning when she had impudently decided that life with her husband's family was impossible, and she had gone to her mother and Barbara Wales at the Springs.

How long ago that seemed! And how trivial had been the circumstances which had brought about her leaving! She had been just as she had left it the morning when she had impudently decided that life with her husband's family was impossible, and she had gone to her mother and Barbara Wales at the Springs.

There was no bridging that chasm, she thought with a sigh. And yet, deep in her heart lay the knowledge that peace and happiness could be theirs again if either would be willing to sacrifice pride and family. It seemed to Allison that a giant, invisible hand, in the guise of their respective families, was driving them inexorably apart; that she was being carried on, wholly conscious and resentful, yet utterly apathetic to offer active resistance.

Unwillingly, she moved on in her arms and kissed her warmly, drawing her into the room meanwhile.

"I'm so glad it's you! I couldn't have kept from telling it a moment longer! Allison, I'm so happy! I'm going to marry Burton Edwards!"

(Continued Monday.)

POLICE BELIEVE THIS WOMAN CAN SOLVE HAMON MYSTERY



CLARA SMITH HAMON

ARDMORE, Okla., Dec. 3.—Police in many cities are searching for Mrs. Clara Smith Hamon, wanted in connection with the death of Jake L. Hamon, millionaire oil operator and Republican National Committeeman for Oklahoma. Mrs. Hamon, a distant relative of the oil man, formerly was his stenographer. Hamon died recently of revolver shot wounds.

AN O. HENRY STORY

The Enchanted Kiss

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Ah, Meester Tansey," he said, with a sultry fire in his silky, black eye, "I give myself pleasure to see you this evening. Meester Tansey, you have many times come to eat at my table. I thank you a safe man—a verree good friend. How much would it please you to leave forever?"

"Not come back any more?" inquired Tansey.

"No, not leave—leave; the not-to-do, I would call that," said Tansey.

"A snap."

Tansey leaned his elbows upon the table, swallowed a mouthful of smoke, and spoke—each word being projected in a little puff of gray.

"How old do you think I am, Meester Tansey?"

"Oh, twenty-eight or thirty."

"These days," said the Mexican, "ees my birthday. I am four hundred and three of old today."

"Another proof," said Tansey, airily, "of the healthfulness of my climate."

"Eet is not the air. I am to relate to you a secret of verree fine value. Listen me, Meester Tansey. At the age of 23 I arrive in Mexico from Spain. When I was 153, with the soldados of Hernandez Cortez. I come to these countries 1715. I saw your Alamo reduced. It was like yesterday to me. Three hundred ninety-six years ago I learn the secret always to leave. Look at these clothes I wear—at these diamonds. Do you think I buy them with the money I made here selling the chili-con-carne, Meester Tansey?"

"I should think not," said Tansey, promptly. Torres laughed loudly.

"Valgame Dios! But do. But it is not the kind you eatin' now. I make a deefertent kind, the eating of which makes men to always leave. What do you think? One thousand people I supply—dies pesos each one pays me the month. You see, 10,000 pesos ever month! Que diable! how not I wear the fine ropa! You see that old woman try to hold me back a little while ago? That ees my wife. When I marry her she is young—17 year—bonita. Like the rest she ees become old and—what you say!—tough? I am the same—young all the time. Tonight I resolve to dress myself and find another wife befitting my age. This old woman try to scr-r-r-ratch my face. Ha! Ha! Meester Tansey—same way she do entre los Americanos."

"And this health food you spoke of?" said Tansey.

"Hear me!" said Torres, leaning over the table until he lay flat upon it; "eet is the chili-con-carne made not from the beef or the chicken, but from the flesh of the senorita—young and tender. That ees the secret. Everee month you must eat

What's in a Name?

By Mildred Marshall.

BERTHA.

Bertha, signifying bright, has an extraordinary ecclesiastical flavor. In old German chronicles, the feast of Theophania is translated by a word meaning brightened night, and the root of that word was "per-ah." How perahs, or beraths, became an individual character is too involved for space here, but it is sufficient to say that Bertha, or Bertha, was a sacred being, called, in an old Alsatian poem, the mild Bertha, in whose honor all young farmers dance, ring cattle bells and blow whistles throughout the night of the feast.

She is pictured as an old white-haired woman with a long nose who creeps into nurseries and comforts little children neglected by their nurses. In other stories, she is used as a figure of terror to the frightened children and is the avenger of idle spinners. Frau Bertha is undoubtedly the impersonation of the Epiphany, though there is an effort to connect her with the old mythical Huld, and other etymologists believe her to be another name for the Goddess Freya, wife of Odh.

One of the most famous Berthas was the wife of Pepin and mother of Charlemagne, known as "Bertha aux grands pieds." Another Bertha, the Norman Conqueror and wife of Orlando, who being in great want, supported herself spinning until her son won recognition from his powerful uncle.

Because Queen Bertha of Switzerland, the name has always been very popular there. It has also had great vogue in England since the Norman Conquest and even before that time it was in use having named the daughter of Chilperic, King of Paris, and wife of Ethelbert of Kent, who smothered the way for St. Augustine's mission. It is used quite commonly in France and Germany and in Dante's time, was so frequent in Italy that he places Monna Bertha with Ser Martino in the chat of the gossip. Southey gave it additional vogue in England by so calling one of his heroines and it even penetrated Greece by the marriage of a German prince of that name to a Greek emporer.

Bertha's talismanic stone is the beryl which is said to keep its wearer amiable and with inconquerable cheer. Wearing a beryl will reawaken love in married people. Sunday is her lucky day and 51 her lucky number.

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Sister of Cardinal Gibbons Dies at New Orleans Home

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 2.—Funeral services for Miss Mary Gibbons, 55 years old, sister of Cardinal Gibbons, were held at the home of her brother, John T. Gibbons, prominent grain and feed merchant here, were held at St. Joseph's Church early today.

Miss Gibbons was in good health until two weeks ago.

She had set up an intelligent Fate that works by signs and omens.

Tansey had done likewise, and now he read, through the night's incidents, the finger-prints of destiny. Each excursion that he had made had led to the same paramount finale—to Katie and that kiss which survived and grew strong and intoxicating in his memory. Clearly, he was holding up to him the mirror that reflected his own life, to observe what awaited him at the end of whichever road he might take. He immediately turned, and hurried homeward.

Clothed in an elaborate, pale blue wrapper, cut to fit, Miss Katie Peck reclined in an armchair before a waning fire in her room. Her little shoes rimmed with thrust into house of the light of a small lamp she was attacking the society news of the latest Sunday paper. Some happy substance, seemingly indestructible, was being rhythmically crushed between her small white teeth. Miss Katie read of functions and furbelows, but she kept a vigilant ear for the sounds and a frequent eye upon the clock over the mantel. At every footstep upon the asphalt sidewalk her smooth, round chin would cease for a moment its regular ticking, and a frown of listening would pucker her pretty brows.

At last she heard the latch of the iron gate click. She sprang up, and, with a gasp, she saw that she had a few of those feminine, flickering passes at her front and throat which were warranted to hypnotize the approaching guest.

The door bell rang. Miss Katie, in her haste, turned the key in the lamp lower instead of higher, and hastened noiselessly down stairs into the hall. She turned the key, the door opened, and Mr. Tansey side-stepped in.

"Why, the deuce!" exclaimed Miss Katie, "at this time, Mr. Tansey? It's after midnight. Aren't you ashamed to wake me up at such a late hour?"

"I was late," said Tansey, brilliantly.

"I should think you were! Ma was awfully worried about you. When you were a boy, you were that late! You were late for school, for church, for everything! You were late for everything!"

"I was late," said Tansey, brilliantly.

"I should think you were! Ma was awfully worried about you. When you were a boy, you were that late! You were late for school, for church, for everything! You were late for everything!"

SELF DISCOVERY AD TO SUCCESS

Floyd Dell, Author, Tells of Influence of Psycho-Analysis on Work. A DISCIPLE OF FREUD Wrote "Moon Calf," Popular Book Describing Own Emotions and Life.

BY WINIFRED VAN DUSEN.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—Floyd Dell, critic, short-story writer, erstwhile newspaper man, staff member of The Liberator, and brilliant and unconventional young man of letters generally, today told me what happens when an author, in emotional deadlock with himself, seeks the aid of psycho-analysis.

Mr. Dell's latest piece of work and first novel, "Moon Calf," is threatened, upon the very heels of publication, with such popularity as has not been enjoyed by any similar piece of fiction for years.

And it was by declaring that two-thirds of this was dashed off in a spirit of three months through clear visions afforded him by this newest of mental correction methods that the author, who is 34 and looks ten years younger, astonished the city's literary world.

Not only, he affirmed, did he write that, much during the time stated, but he also revised the other third of the work, which it had taken him three years to put on paper.

When he talked it over today he said that what happened to him may often occur to other writers, persons, whether or not engaged in creative work, and that the only quick and sure solution is offered by the psycho-analyst, the "mind-cure" who stands between a man and his emotional self and introduces one to the other. He continued:

"When I began to write 'Moon Calf' my energies were tied in interior conflict. The story is in some degree autobiographical; the general outline is that of my life, though with incidents not a part of my own. My difficulty was writing a situation objectively, in which my own emotions were involved. The trouble isn't necessarily unique in my case; it might happen to any author, artist, composer—others who do creative work. For it is seldom that a man can write objectively unless there is emotional conflict to be solved."

He then mentioned instances of persons engaged in various professions who, having obtained success through the aid of psycho-analysis, suddenly develop emotional hostility to their work.

Dell is Temperamental.

These branch from the same neurotic root, he maintained; they suffer from some set of ideas, groped for and finally found, which lead to activity by association having back to an obscure childhood experience. He quoted Freud and his methods, and told of newer ones developed in this country.

"It is not logical," he went on, "to suppose, as some contend, that any person, willing to face the truth and himself, can be his own physician. The analyst fills the necessary office of hearing and interpreting the subconscious mind, and of pointing out the place where the two cross."

He then possibly could be so temperamental, in appearance at least, as is Floyd Dell. Seated before a littered desk in the editorial office of The Liberator, situated at a corner of Greenwich Village territory, he looked as if he had been sketched for the cover of his magazine, founded upon the place left vacant by suspension of The Masses.

He wore a careless suit of rough brown tweed, and a shawl of gray flannel. In his voice there's just a bit of tang suggesting days out in Iowa, a time lying between the period of literary-editing on a Chicago newspaper and the moment seven years ago, to New York and fame.

Speaking further of the efficacy of psycho-analysis, he told how he quit his job in order to have plenty of time for the book when he first began working on it, but how he found effort expended until his particular analyst had dissociated ideas and emotions.

"Moon Calf," he explained "deals with the story of 'The Stranger' and 'The Rev. E. Peal'—extremely sensitive child to environment."

The boy was first a poet, then a Socialist. Of course the idea has been worked out before, but I believe the Rev. E. Peal is a new one. And other stories is that 'Moon Calf' expresses less pity for the hero, and sympathy for the world which suffers from him as much as he suffers from himself."

"Moon Calf" is any way faithful as an autobiography, one cannot but envy Mr. Dell the colorful life shifting down upon his career, whether or not they spring from bitterness, or temperament or just plain neurotic.

Some of the color is expressed in chapter titles, such as these: "Shadow Shapes," "What Is Known As Eroticism," "The Stranger," "Critique of Pure Reason," "The Not-Impossible She."

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